

FRENCH PUT GERMAN PILLAGERS TO FLIGHT

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MISS GLADYS COOPER AWARDED HEAVY DAMAGES FOR LIBEL:
BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS'S STORY OF DEFAMATORY RUMOURS.



Mr. Buckmaster leaving the Law Courts.



The beautiful plaintiff. She was married at nineteen to Mr. H. J. Buckmaster.—(Claude Harris.)



Miss Gladys Cooper and her little daughter, who is as pretty as her mother.—(Bassano.)

Miss Gladys Cooper, the beautiful actress, appeared as a plaintiff in the Law Courts yesterday, and was awarded £1,200 damages for libel against the *London Mail*. Giving evidence she said that in 1913 she heard rumours to the effect that she was about to be



Mr. Dennis Eadie.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

divorced because of her familiarity with Mr. Dennis Eadie and the late Mr. Hamel, and spoke of the pain these rumours had caused her. Mr. Buckmaster, Miss Cooper's husband, is an officer in a cavalry regiment.

ACTRESS AWARDED £1,200 DAMAGES.

Miss Gladys Cooper in Libel Suit
Denies Cruel Rumours.

HAPPY MARRIED LIFE.

Damages for libel amounting to £1,200 were awarded in the Lord Chief Justice's Court yesterday to Miss Gladys Cooper, the popular actress.

Miss Cooper (Mrs. Herbert Buckmaster) sued the *London Mail* for damages for the following statement, which appeared, "on June 11 last under the heading 'Hush'—

"Heaven and earth are being moved in a popular phrase to hold in check a scandal of the theatre, which looms daily more threatening. I cannot obviously say more at present than that you all know and admire the lady and the man in the case."

"A second name, that of a man since tragically gone, is also mentioned but will I earnestly hope, be struck from the suit should it come on."

Despite the publication of pictures showing complete domestic bliss, she was never really happily wed, which was entirely her own fault, inasmuch as she rushed to the registry office against the advice of her husband.

As to the prospective co-respondent. Well—his marriage was ludicrous.

Miss Gladys Cooper, who was accompanied to the court by her shaki-clad husband, Mr. Buckmaster, was herself dressed in blue coat and skirt, with a small black hat.

The jury returned their verdict without leaving the box, and judgment was entered accordingly with costs.

MARRIED AT NINETEEN.

Sir Frederick Low said the plaintiff was a young lady who had made very great and very dramatic progress in the theatrical profession.

Such success always excited a good deal of jealousy and exposed the successful actress to attacks, and for some eighteen months some person or persons had been circulating rumours of a most defamatory nature regarding Miss Cooper.

In 1908 Miss Cooper married Mr. Buckmaster, who was now serving in a cavalry regiment. From that time down to the present Mr. and Mrs. Buckmaster had lived a happy married life, and they had one little daughter.

The engagement was a very short one. Miss Cooper was then only nineteen, and her parents did not approve of her marrying so young.

She, however, was determined to get married, and the ceremony took place at St. George's, Hanover-square.

In her greatest successes Miss Cooper had been prominently associated on the stage with Mr. Dennis Eadie, the well-known actor, and among her large circle of friends was the late Mr. Gustav Hamel, the famous flying man, who lost his life in trying to cross the Channel in May of last year.

SUFFERING AND ANXIETY.

Counsel said that the rumours circulated about Miss Cooper coupled her name with these two men.

Sometimes the rumour took the form that her husband was in the process of proceeding against her with Mr. Eadie and Mr. Hamel as co-respondents.

These rumours went from mouth to mouth, and caused Miss Cooper the greatest anxiety and suffering. In order to try and stop them she had herself photographed with Mr. Eadie and Mr. Hamel.

Counsel handed a copy of this photograph to the Lord Chief Justice and the jury, and said that copies were circulating at the time, and that with her husband on the most amicable domestic relations.

It was whilst these libels were still circulating that the defendants published the paragraph complained of.

The defence was that this paragraph did not apply to Miss Cooper, but counsel said he should ask the jury to say that it was intended to apply to her.

ACTRESS'S DENIALS.

Miss Gladys Cooper, giving evidence, occupied a chair in the witness-box. She said her married life had been perfectly happy.

She had acted with Mr. Dennis Eadie and had been friendly with the late Mr. Hamel, and she had lunched with both with her husband's knowledge. In 1913 she heard painful rumours, which caused her great pain and affected her health. There was not the slightest truth in the rumours.

In cross-examining, Mr. Digby Swift went through the various sentences in the alleged libel, and said there were more tragic deaths than that of Mr. Hamel in the early part of 1914.

For instance, there was the sinking of the Empress of Ireland, with many theatrical people on board, so that the alleged libel may have referred to somebody on board the liner.

JUDGE'S HINT.

Mr. Herbert John Buckmaster, the plaintiff's husband, said he at once came to the conclusion that the paragraph referred to him and his wife. He could not imagine anybody else to whom it could refer.

Mr. Dennis Eadie said he had read the alleged libel, and had no doubt it referred to Mrs. Buckmaster. There was not the slightest truth in it.

This closed the plaintiff's case. Defendants called no evidence, and counsel addressed the jury.

The Lord Chief Justice said if the person who wrote the alleged libel wished to establish that he did not intend to refer to the plaintiff, then his place was in the witness-box,

"SCHADCHAN'S" LAMENT.

Jewish Marriage Broker Finds War
Has Deprived Him of Business.

WARY PARENTS AND SONS.

The "Schadchan," or the Jewish marriage broker, whose speciality is bringing about love matches, declares that, owing to the war, his business is now almost non-existent.

It is quite one of war's little tragedies. This is the "Schadchan's" plaint, as told by one of them.

"This war is terrible. Here am I, the 'Schadchan,' the chief of social benefactors, out of work!"

"You must understand," he explained, "that mine is anything but a sordid business. Exactly what I have to do is to find a pretty and intelligent girl of a nice disposition and with a comfortable dowry and a healthy, brainy, go-ahead young bachelor, and introduce them to each other."

"If they like each other and marriage results—well, the parents naturally remember me on the wedding day."

"Oh, I take quite a pride in my work, for we Jews reverse and cherish family life. The happiness that comes of a pleasant and cheerful home with children to gladden and brighten the days appeals to us."

"But a happy marriage must have some substantial foundation. If I bring along a young man with brains and push to the father of an eligible girl as a possible son-in-law, he should be only too pleased to give his daughter such a dowry as will ensure comfort and happiness for her."

"But now business is at a standstill. Marriage during war time appeals to neither the young men nor the parents of girls. For what business is reliable now? And it is too risky to start anything new."

V.C. HERO'S BABY SON.

Bermondsey Soldier Who Is to Receive a
Public Welcome from His Borough.

When Lance-Corporal F. W. Holmes, V.C. of the 2nd Battalion the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, returns to his home in Bermondsey on January 23 he will receive the welcome of his life.

On Sunday last he became the happy father of a baby son, and the baby, too, will surely take his part in the ceremony.

The Bermondsey hero is at present in a London hospital, and is due to be discharged on Saturday week.

According to present arrangements, he will be driven to his home in the borough of Bermondsey, New Kent-road, which marks the parliamentary boundary of Bermondsey, he will be met by the mayor and members of the leading representatives and will be escorted by a procession to the Town Hall.

The procession will be an imposing one. It will include the 22nd Reserve Battalion of the County of London, the local Territorial battalion, Belgian wounded soldiers, the London Fire Brigade, Red Cross nurses, boy scouts, and the Boys' Naval Brigade.

At the Town Hall Lance-Corporal Holmes will be presented by the mayor with an illuminated address, and will also be handed a purse of gold subscribed by his admirers in the borough.

SIR E. GREY'S "FEELER."

New York, Jan. 12.—Sir Edward Grey's reply to the United States Note is generally looked upon in Washington as a "feeler" pending the arrival of the promised detailed statement.

It is believed that the statement will be satisfied with nothing short of a promise that England will in future seize no ship unless she have good reason to believe that there is contraband aboard.

The New York Press says it ought to be easy to arrive quickly at some working arrangements which would be satisfactory to both sides.—Central News.

VICOMTESSE GETS A DIVORCE.

Sir Samuel Evans yesterday granted the petition of the Vicomtesse de la Chapelle for the dissolution of her marriage on the ground of the desertion and misconduct of her husband, the Vicomte Xavier Royat, Alfred de Morion de Beauray de la Chapelle.

The marriage took place on June 20, 1906, at St. James's Church, Westminster.

In February, 1911, said Mr. Barrard, K.C., the vicomte went away and, refusing to return, the petitioner obtained a decree of restitution of conjugal rights.

Respondent is an officer in the British Army at the front.

Evidence having been given in support of the petitioner's case a decree nisi, with costs, was granted.

WAR WEDDING FROM HOSPITAL.

A lieutenant acted as a private's best man at the Oratory of St. Mary Magdalen, Wandsworth, yesterday, when Private John Foley, a patient at the Patriotic Hospital, Wandsworth Common, married Miss Nellie O'Keefe.

The bridegroom, as a private in the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, had his leg smashed by shrapnel at Valmy, and the limb had to be amputated. The operation nearly proved fatal owing to loss of blood, but he made a wonderful recovery.

MAN WHO WORE TWO HATS

Tradesman's Habit of Banging His
Head Described in Strange Case.

TASTE FOR LIGHTED MATCHES.

A strange story was told before Mr. Justice Bankes yesterday, when an action was brought by Mr. Augustus C. Spragg, of Leyton, against his brother, Mr. W. H. Spragg, and Mrs. Rebecca Watkins.

Plaintiff asked for a declaration that documents of October 17, 1911, purporting to convey to the defendants premises in Wilton-road, Ilford, were void and of no effect, on the ground that at the time of their execution he was of unsound mind.

Mr. Gibbons, for the plaintiff, said that Mrs. Watkins was for some time the plaintiff's charwoman.

The plaintiff had an oil and coal business at Stratford, and in 1894 he bought the equity of redemption of two cottages in Wilton-road, Ilford, for about £382.

In 1911 he began to lose his memory. The death of his wife also affected him.

The plaintiff was very strange in his manner, continued counsel, and he would walk about with two hats on, a billy cock hat and a Tribby on top of it, and he would put lighted matches into his mouth.

He banged his head against the walls of rooms so much that it became necessary to put clothing all round, so that he should do as little harm to himself as possible.

It was clear, said counsel, that at this time the plaintiff was hopelessly off his head.

By signing the documents he gave away all that he had got, receiving nothing in return. After the deeds were signed the plaintiff went into an asylum. He came out "on probation" for a period, and was finally discharged in January, 1913.

Mr. Spragg, the plaintiff, in the witness-box bore out counsel's statement. He was wearing a medal he won in the Zulu campaign.

Mr. Monk (cross-examining): Do you say to your brother: "I don't want any more rent from you. I give you the house you are living in."

Witness laughed and replied: "Next, please."

Replying to further questions, plaintiff said he had on one occasion taken Mrs. Watkins to a place of entertainment and he had taken her for a ride on an omnibus.

Dr. Stoen, medical superintendent of the City of London Asylum at Danford, said that the plaintiff was admitted there in January, 1912. The main feature of the plaintiff's illness was loss of memory.

The hearing was adjourned.

"GATE" TO THE WAR.

Soldiers Who Breakfast on the Battlefield
and Then Lunch in Piccadilly.

Early morning breakfast in the battlefield, lunch in Piccadilly—that is the remarkable day's programme of many soldiers home on a few days' leave from the front.

All unsuspected by Londoners, Victoria Station (S.E.C.R.), where the men arrive every day about 1.15 p.m., has become the most romantic place in all England. The grey archway leading to the station is in reality "the gateway" to the war.

There is usually a small crowd of people waiting to meet the Continental train from Folkestone, the majority of whom are wives and relatives of the men expected home. The long train glides in, and before it stops the men in khaki leap out of the train on to the platform like happy schoolboys home on holidays.

Some of the soldiers noticed by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday had fresh splashes on their boots and up their puttees—striking evidence of the nearness of the trenches to London.

One soldier, looking very muddy and torn, stood outside the station watching the stream of taxis and motor-omnibuses go by. "Oh, the war!" he observed to a fellow-officer. "They don't realise they can't see what is going on over there. Shall we have a chop and some good old English beer at the 'F'?"

Another young officer who was leaving the station had a chance meeting with a girl friend. "Hallo, Douglas!" she cried. "Where have you come from? I didn't even know you were a soldier. You must come round and have tea with us one afternoon."

Then the young soldier explained the position. He held up a German helmet. "One of my trophies—from the trenches," he said.

WOMAN'S SOIL FALL.

A singularly sad story was told at the Westminster coroner's court yesterday, when an inquest was held on the body of Adelaide Leeming, forty-eight, the wife of Richard Brettingham Leeming, of Lancaster-gate, W.

The husband testified that his wife was under the delusion that a conspiracy was afoot to place hers in a lunatic asylum.

On Monday evening, while staying at Whitehall-court, she suddenly got out of the window and fell from the balcony, a distance of about 80ft.

A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

RECAPTURED AND SHOT.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 12.—A telegram from the Valkenswaard correspondent of the *Telegraaf* says: "A refugee from Zonhoven told me last Wednesday that a British prisoner of war on his way to Aix-la-Chapelle overpowered his guard, seized his revolver and fired. He was, however, arrested later and shot."—Reuter.

BOYISH FIGURE FOR PARIS MODES.

"Moyen Age" Frocks Which Are
To Be the Fashion.

HALF-MOON COLLARS.

PARIS, Jan. 11.

Chère Amie,—Paris is still very quiet, and there have been no social functions.

The revue, "Paris quand même," attracted a most interesting crowd to the Folies Bergères—a crowd which very fitly represented the "cordial understanding," for there were English Tonmies, with smiling faces and neat khaki uniforms, French soldiers in baggy blue coats, and from the French colonies suburn men in crimson cloaks and zouave jackets.

There were also some Russian models, a number of Japs, and at least two dark-faced heroes in snow-white turbans.

I sat near a British officer, who had his mother and—I think—his fiancée with him. He looked so strong and splendid that it seemed too horrible to realise that he was probably on his way to "the front."

AT FOLIES BERGERES.

I must say the Parisian actresses and the Parisian managers too, are showing a fine spirit just now. Even at the Folies Bergères, where as the rule the pieces are of the roughest and expense, everything was nicely but very simply done. No gorgeous frocks—no expensive scenery, but just an amusing wholesome "show."

Since you tell me you are quite tired of ultralong coats I am sending you a sketch taken from one of the new loose models. This is a short jacket and specially smart in outline. The original model was made of black velvet and bordered with white fox, the skirt being quite plain, but wide at the hem.

The little coat was distinctly quaint in outline. It was longer at the back than in front, and so full that it fell in absolutely straight folds from the shoulders. This model would look charming in raven's wing blue velours de laine or in very dark Bordeaux red sardapane cloth, and you could, of course, trim it with anything you like.

Personally, I should advise you to consider the possibilities of a similar costume in the early spring season. This would be a charming turn-out, and "taupe" is going to be one of the popular colours of the early spring season.

Yes, indeed, it is quite true that "moyen age frocks" are going to be fashionable. It may be said that they already occupy an important place in the world of dress. One is allowed a good deal of liberty in the matter of individual taste where these moyen age gowns are concerned. The essential thing is that they should hang in more or less straight lines from shoulder to hem—somewhat after the fashion of the art gowns in the greenery valley days.

But there is nothing flippy or untidy about these new models. They are, on the contrary, exceedingly smart and attractive, and the Parisian dressmakers are enriching them with handsome embroideries, and bordering them with bands of fur in a most captivating manner.

These gowns do not permit accentuated curves in any direction. They demand a straight up and down, rather boyish figure, and if you do not happen to possess such a thing, you must try and cultivate it—or give up the idea of being "moyen age."

The craze of the immediate moment is a small, high collar, which frames the back of the head and neck, and here you may see an appearance at all in front. This little collar is shaped like a fat half-moon, and on a moyen age frock it is fascinating when expressed in mink, beaver, astrakhan or any other short-haired fur.

For dresses of more ordinary outline the correct collar is a straight band of fur, which circles the neck and which fastens quite invisibly. I have seen these fur bands applied to indoor gowns with the best results.—Your devoted friend,

NADINE.

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NEW APPEAL FOR CHANNEL TUNNEL.

PARIS, Jan. 12.—A letter from the deputy, M. Gauthier de Clagny, is published in several Paris papers this morning, making an appeal to the British nation in favour of the construction of a tunnel under the Channel.

M. de Clagny emphasises the advantage such a tunnel would be to the Allied-Armies at the present moment owing to the increased facility of communications between the two countries which it would afford, and urges that the work should begin before the signature of peace.—Reuter.



GERMANY PREPARING FOR SUPREME EFFORT TO BE MADE IN SPRING

Military Arrangements on an Unprecedented Scale Being Hastened.

ALL RESERVES CALLED TO THE COLOURS.

More Trenches Carried by Allies in Furious Onslaughts on the Aisne.

ENEMY'S ATTACKS IN WOODS END IN FAILURE.

Germany is stated to be preparing for a supreme effort.

So far all her dearly-cherished schemes have ended in failure, so the early spring is to see one great attempt to smash the Allies.

Military preparations are being hastened, it is stated, on an unprecedented scale, even for Germany.

All German reserves are now being called to the colours in order to be in readiness for the War Lord's "supreme effort" in the spring.

Further small successes were reported in yesterday's official French communiqué.

The Allies' heavy guns made effective reply to the batteries and trench mortars of the Germans.

After some "very lively fighting" more German trenches were captured north of Soissons.

PILLAGERS SURPRISED IN A VILLAGE.

French Detachment Catches Company of Huns in Act of Looting.

PARIS, Jan. 12.—The following official communication was issued this afternoon:—

From the sea to the Oise there was an intermittent cannonade, fairly violent at some points.

On the Aisne, to the north of Soissons, very active fighting took place around the trenches won by us on January 8 and 10.

In the course of yesterday the enemy delivered several attacks, which we repulsed, and we won fresh sections of trenches.

From Soissons to Rheims there were artillery duels. Our heavy artillery replied effectively to the batteries and trench mortars of the Germans.

In the Champagne, in the region of Souain, the fire of our artillery on the enemy's positions near Perthes was very active.

TWO ATTACKS IN WOODS.

The fortification situated to the north of the farm of Beausejour was the scene of a fierce struggle.

The enemy succeeded in establishing a trench in the interior of the work, of which, however, we retain the salient.

The struggle is being continued. In the Argonne and as far as the Meuse there is nothing to report.

On the heights of the Meuse two German attacks, one in the wood of Conservoye and the other in the wood of Le Bouchet, were repulsed.

To the south-east of Cirey-sur-Vesonne one of our detachments surprised and put to flight a German company which was pillaging the village of St. Sauveur.

In the Vosges and in Alsace the day was calm. The bad weather and the snowstorms continue.—Central News.

GERMANY'S SPRING SONG.

ROME, Jan. 12.—According to official reports, Germany is hastening military preparations on an unprecedented scale.

She is calling all reserves to the colours for a supreme effort to be made in the beginning of the spring.

She is also taking into her own hands the direction of the campaigns, including those of Austria against Russia and Serbia and those of Turkey against Russia and England.—Reuter.

FRENCH GRIP ON ALSACE.

PARIS, Jan. 12.—The correspondent of the *New York Herald* in East France says: "Despite the fall of snow the French continue to make slight progress in the direction of Uffholtz, where, since the beginning of December, the Germans have shown great activity, their efforts being concentrated on the recapture of Thann."

"The French have concentrated important

forces along the front and their powerful artillery has continually frustrated with great losses the attacks of the Germans.

"About December 20 the French took the offensive with good success. Nothing fresh has happened in the region of Burnhaupt, where the weather is unfavourable."

"The Germans recently sustained another check in the region of Altkirch."—Central News.

CATHEDRAL BOMBARDMENT.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 12.—The Berlin newspapers state that the Germans bombarded Soissons because the French stationed their artillery there and shelled the German position to the south of the village of Soupir.—Central News.

The same excuse was made in Berlin for the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral, which was being used as a hospital.

METZ THE MAGNET.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 12.—A message from Maasticht states that during the last few days there has been severe fighting around Atrrecht.

Several trains containing severely wounded soldiers arrived at Liege and were later sent to Germany.

There are in the hospital at Liege some 120 soldiers suffering from typhoid fever.

They came from the Yser line.

Strong German forces are concentrated near Spincourt and Brieg, and the number of troops in and around Metz is estimated at 120,000.

It is reported that the Germans mean to try to break through the French lines near Spincourt.—Reuter.

GUNFIRE NEAR DUTCH FRONTIER.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 12.—During Saturday night and all day on Sunday a heavy gunfire was audible at Bergen-op-Zoom.

The shots followed one another in quick succession, and sometimes three or four detonations were heard at the same moment.

It is believed that the bombardment this time is closer to the Dutch frontier.

The Germans have built strong fortifications to prevent a landing by British troops.

Travelers who last Sunday arrived at Bergen-op-Zoom from Belgian Flanders report that the thundering of guns was extraordinarily distinct in Flanders, and that in the dark at night the flash of the fire of the guns was clearly visible.—Reuter.

"OUR RACE IS AT STAKE."

PARIS, Jan. 12.—President Poincaré, accompanied by M. Augagneur, Minister of Marine, left Paris on Sunday evening and arrived yesterday morning at Dunkirk, where the President presented colours to a brigade of marines.

In making the presentation M. Poincaré congratulated the troops upon the courage they had displayed on the battlefields, where they had supported victoriously for many weeks past a bitter and sanguinary struggle, despite the difficulties of the ground, the ravages of the enemy's fire, frost, rain and floods.

The President concluded: "Our race, our civilisation and our ideals are at stake in the present struggle."

"Some months of patience, moral resistance and energy will decide centuries of the future."

The President afterwards visited Cassel, in the Department of the Nord, Hakebrouck and Arras, and returned to Paris this morning.—Reuter.

PREACHER AS A REBEL.

PRETORIA, Jan. 12.—The case of the Rev. Broekhuizen, formerly secretary to General Beyers, and now charged with treason in connection with the rebellion, has aroused considerable interest throughout the Union.

The gentleman, who is a Dutch Reformed Church minister, always exercised great influence over a certain section of the Transvaal Dutch, and after the outbreak of the rebellion was regarded as a leader of the Western Transvaal rebel burghers.

Immediately prior to the rebellion he seized the occasion of General Beyers' funeral to exhort the farmers of the Lichtenburg district to stand by General Beyers.

One or two other preachers on that occasion gave expression to similar sentiments.

Mr. Broekhuizen acted in the field as secretary to General Beyers, and on November 28 surrendered under the name of Van der Merwe.

Mr. Grobler, who is also on trial for treason, is a prominent Hertzogian member of the Union Parliament. He is a grandson of the late Mr. Kruger.—Reuter's Special.

KING ALBERT'S PROTEST.

HIS Majesty the King of the Belgians has, states the Press Bureau, sent a telegram to his Holiness the Pope protesting against the arrest of a Prince of the Church, a member of the Sacred College, who, while respecting the accomplished facts of the occupation, has not been able to keep silence in face of the iniquitous treatment inflicted upon so many priests in his Majesty's country.

This fact, adds the message, most grievously affects the heart of the Holy Father.

The King ends by expressing to the venerated head of the Church of Rome his admiration for the conduct of Cardinal Mercier, who, following the example of the famous Cardinal de Noailles, has not been afraid to proclaim the truth in face of error and to affirm the incontestable rights of a just cause for the conscience of the world.

RUSSIANS STILL HITTING THE TURKS HARD.

Two Ottoman Companies With Their Officers Captured in the Caucasus.

The Russians are still hitting the Turks hard, as Reuter's version of the communiqué issued from Petrograd on Monday shows. It says:—

The fighting in the region of Karaugan is developing.

On January 10 our troops captured two mountain guns, with mountings, and made prisoner two Turkish companies with their officers. There is nothing to report from the rest of the front.

ROME, Jan. 11.—The Hungarian Socialist leader, Dr. Bela Raphianj, says:—"If the Russian victories continue there will be a revolution in Hungary. Reuter.

WHAT AUSTRIA SAYS.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 12.—The official communiqué circulated in Vienna yesterday says:—

The situation in Russian Poland is unchanged. On the Lower Nida yesterday there was obstinate fighting.

The Russians opened an attack and attempted to cross the river valley with considerable forces at several points, but were everywhere repulsed with severe losses.

While these infantry attacks were proceeding a violent artillery battle took place in the adjoining districts lasting several hours. Elsewhere on the front nothing of material importance occurred.

One of our patrols while reconnoitring yesterday night penetrated through the enemy's lines as far as the quarters of the commander of one of the enemy's regiments, and returned with one officer and six men as prisoners.

As it has recently been confirmed that members of the Russian Army are using Austro-Hungarian uniforms in order to surprise patrols it is again pointed out that the enemy officers and men in acting thus are violating the laws and customs of land war and will not be treated as belligerents.—Reuter.

HUNS' REPLY TO CHARGES OF ATROCITIES.

French Allegations Declared To Be "an Unbroken Series of Slanders."

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 12.—An officially inspired Berlin telegram repudiates all the accusations contained in the statement of the Committee of Inquiry concerning the violation of the rights of man by Germans which was announced by M. Vivian on January 9 at a Cabinet Council.

The telegram says that the statement, as far as known through French publications, is an unbroken series of slanders, with no other intention than to create hatred against the German people.

All the general points are, it is declared, without any particulars as to time or place, the guilty persons, or proofs.

The cases alleged to have been committed by the Germans on their march of victory are apparently intended to create the impression that the Germans systematically committed atrocities.

The telegram continues:—"It must be stated that the German Army commanders have, by every means, and with full success, effected the maintenance of discipline and the observation of all the rules of war in all the theatres of war."

"Particular cases which have been pointed out from the French side have been at once investigated, and the result of these investigations will be published."

The case of Luneville, which accuses the German Army commanders of having burnt down seventy houses without reason, can be contradicted already.—Reuter.

DANGER OF TREATING A SENTRY.

On the charge of committing a breach of the Defence of the Realm Act by giving whisky to a private in the 3rd Division of the Cheshire Regiment while on sentry duty, a man named James Kenny was tried at Llanthow Sheriff Court yesterday.

On New Year's morning at Llanthow a sentry on a lonely part of South Queensferry when the accused offered him drink, which he took, after considerable persuasion.

The soldier, who had been a teetotaler, staggered and fell, and was found in an unconscious condition.

The accused, who had been detained for twelve days, was allowed to go, the sheriff remarking that though it was very serious for a sentry to be found intoxicated, he believed in this case it was due more to thoughtlessness on defendant's part than to an attempt to interfere with the defence of the realm.

A MYTHICAL SUBMARINE.

ROME, Jan. 11.—The *Tribuna* says that the rumour circulated in Ancona regarding an attack by an Austrian submarine, No. 15, is obviously improbable, as the Austrian Navy does not possess a submarine No. 15.

The source of opinion that the rumour is an echo of an incident which occurred off the Dalmatian coast on December 21, and which has only now been heard of at Ancona.—Reuter.

"FROM THE BANK TO THE FIRING LINE."

How the Motor-Omnibus Has Solved Transport Problem for Our Troops.

"OUR ARMY EVERYWHERE."

London's motor-omnibus has played a great part in the European war.

Its use in this campaign shows how "modern" present-day war has become.

Once upon a time it was the omnibus horse and cab horse that went to the wars, leaving their vehicles behind them; now it is the omnibus that goes, and "the horse," now a petrol driven engine, is part and parcel of the omnibus.

So remote was the prospect of omnibuses going to foreign service that we could all lament with Kipling's soldier that "There ain't no 'buses running from the Bank to Mandalay."

True, they do not yet go to Mandalay; but one of these days they may—on the fact that motor-omnibuses run from "the Bank to the firing line in Flanders."

For the motor-omnibuses, with the old routes still inscribed on them, may be seen snorting along roads in France and Belgium a splendid part of the British transport system.

OLD NAMES—NEW ROUTES

Some years ago a writer to the public Press looking with astonishment at the phenomenon of the motor-omnibus, remarked: "The day has come when Putney is on the doorstep of Mile End, while Hildon and Barnes rub shoulders."

Only last week a diary found on a wounded German soldier contained this entry: "The English Army appear to be everywhere. It is strange as it may seem, these two remarks made by different persons, of different race, at different times, explain each other."

The reason why the "English Army appear to be everywhere" is explained by the fact that the motor-omnibus, having annihilated space in London, and in a manner of speaking brought Putney to the borders of Mile End, has, since the war, done the same thing for our army fighting in France.

Every schoolboy knows that the question of transport is one of the most important considerations in the making of war.

A SECRET OF SUCCESS.

War cannot be waged successfully without an efficient transport service.

The London Motor-Omnibus has solved the transport problem for our troops.

On the declaration of war a great fleet of motor-omnibuses was shipped abroad. They carried their familiar London advertisements and still inscribed on them in big black letters were the names of the routes along which they used to ply.

But although if you met one in Flanders it might tell you that it went to Charing Cross, the Strand, the Bank, Aldgate, or Bow Church, it would not really take you to any of these places.

For the motor-omnibus is now busy carrying our troops along the line of the British front in such a way that German diarists admit our army seems to be everywhere.

WEATHER FOE OF ZEPPELINS.

PARIS, Jan. 12.—The Abbé Moreux, Director of Bourges Observatory, discussing the possibility of a Zeppelin raid on Paris, comes to the conclusion that it could not be successful.

As long as science is unable to forecast the weather with certainty the problem of aerial raids will remain insoluble.

The Abbé Moreux admits that it is not inconceivable that a German Zeppelin raid be attempted on London or Paris, and that a Zeppelin may possibly reach England, but the risk, he says, that the individual British would run from one of its bombs would be less than the risks he faces every time he crosses a crowded street.

He adds that he will be surprised if during the war the Germans do not make an attempt to damage their enemy's capitals by means of Zeppelins, in spite of their poor chance of success.—Reuter's Special.

KISSES FOR GALLANT DEAD.

ROME, Jan. 12.—The coffins containing the bodies of Lieutenant Constant Garibaldi and Lieutenant Lamberto Duranti, both killed in France, arrived here this morning.

Despite the rain and the desire of the family that the funeral should be in the open air, a large crowd assembled outside the station.

A touching scene was witnessed as the coffin containing the remains of Lieutenant Constant Garibaldi was removed from the train to the hearse. Generalissimo Garibaldi, his wife and his daughters in turn stepping forward and kissing the casket.

It was covered with the Italian and French flags and was almost hidden in flowers.—Reuter.

THE HUNS DESTROY A SACRED IMAGE IN FRANCE.



Acts of sacrilege on the part of the Huns are of everyday occurrence. Rising from the stone base was a cross bearing a figure of Christ, but it has been blown to atoms by shell fire. At the foot is the grave of a French soldier, marked by his cap. The picture was taken at Drouville, near Nancy.

SERGEANT OF 70.



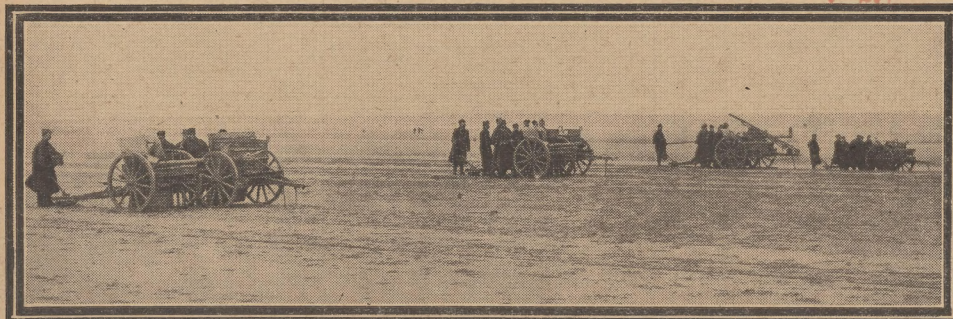
Colour-sergeant Baskett, of Smethwick, who has rejoined the Army. He is seventy years of age.

KING MANOEL'S FATHER-IN-LAW TO WED.



Princess Adelheid, daughter of the King of Bavaria, and Prince William of Hohenzollern, father-in-law of King Manoel, who are to be married this month. The Prince is now serving with the Bavarian Army.

THE FIGHT FOR THE SAND DUNES IN FLANDERS.



Belgian guns drawn up on the seashore ready for action. Only a small strip of water separates England from the theatre of war, and this picture was taken at a spot which is nearer to London than Birmingham—or less than two hours' journey in an express train.

FOUR QUESTIONS TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

1. **YOU** have read what the Germans have done in Belgium. Have you thought what they would do if they invaded England?

2. Do you realise that the Safety of your Home and Children depends on our getting more men now?

3. Do you realise that the one word "Go" from you may send another man to fight for our King and Country?

4. When the War is over and your husband or your son is asked, "What did you do in the great War?"—is he to hang his head because you would not let him go?

Women of England do your duty! Send your men to-day to join our glorious Army.

God Save
the King.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1915.

"MEN WHO MARCH AWAY..."

THE SPARTAN SYSTEM of education attached much importance to the influence of music on muscles, and Aristotle has drawn out the Greek view of the kind of music that ought conveniently to match the mood of the ideal citizen. You can inspire men or depress them by a tune, as those of our pioneers in France knew, who fixed first upon "Tipperary" as a marching melody. Never shall that choice, consecrated by much suffering, be forgotten. "Tipperary" must live. But it is not quite sufficient. Other tunes are needed, in supplement—so we judge from letters received from many of our recruits in England. What is wanted is a strain

Such as raised
To highth of noblest tamper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. . . .

Milton's description just answers to what we mean. And in regard to the tune merely—the music—there is still plenty of excellent stuff to be found: popular swinging notes, not precisely Dorian perhaps, but rousing and refreshing.

The difficulty seems to be with the words. Some universal popular poet—a Burns for example—is needed by the Hour: he should rise up, poetically speaking, from the ranks, and be a new Rouget de L'Isle, his verses destined perhaps to be remembered longer than he. Efforts are being made, by common soldierly endeavour, to create him. At present, however, the soldier-made poetry for route marches and the rest seems, from specimens we have seen, to be fairly well represented by this:—

Kaiser Bill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water:
When he came down
He lost his crown
And so he bloomin' well oughter!

You shudder, in your refined way! Well, it is pretty bad. It will not do, perhaps, for immortality; not equal to Burns, the incomparable singer of simplicity. And yet it sounds pretty well at evening, over the stripped hedges, as the men, very tired, return. The British soldier's song generally means he is very tired indeed. That about Kaiser Bill does for him in some places. But there is not the smallest doubt that he would accept an emendation from the ranks.

Only, this improvement, this true poetry, ought to be born of multitude, since these are the days of the multitudinous soul striving for expression. One fine poem at least—Mr. Thomas Hardy's "What of the faith and fire within us?"—the war has produced. That has not reached the ranks, however, nor presumably will any now extant poem win its way to them. They must make up their own verses, and towards this end Kaiser Bill is a first step which even Mr. Hardy will not therefore refuse to view benignantly from his literary distance.

W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Much of the charm of life is ruined by exacting demands of confidence. . . . Those who wish to destroy all mystery in those they love, to have everything revealed, are unconsciously killing their own happiness.—Stopford Brooke.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

AMERICAN FEELING.

ANOTHER correspondent from America writes from the Pacific Union Club, San Francisco:—"You don't know how hard we are 'pulling' for Old England, not only here but all over Yankeeedom. . . . You are sure to win, and, when you do, send the Kaiser to St. Helena!" K.

THE STUFFY TRAIN.

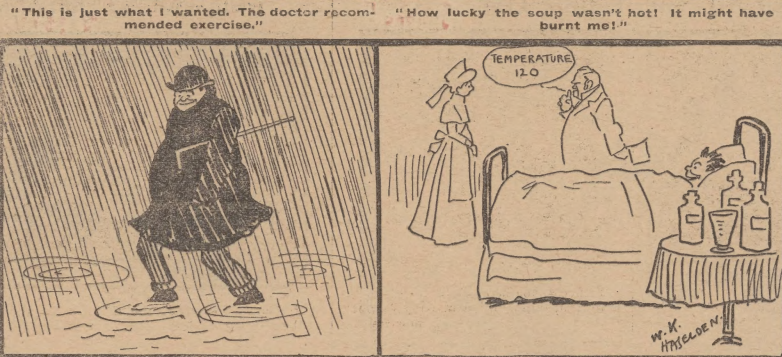
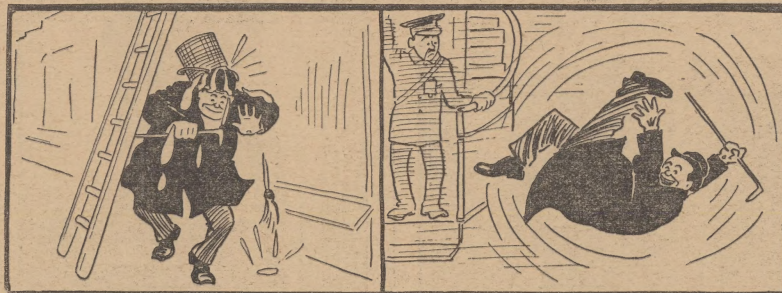
I HAVE been very interested in reading your letter about the non-stop omnibus. Another little reform I would like to suggest is with regard to the District Railway trains. Yesterday there was a lovely, crisp morning and the sun was shining, the air sweet, but

man fluently and have some seven years' experience in language teaching. I cannot get a berth in an English school because I have not prepared boys for English examinations. The war has done for my Continental clientèle, and I am thus banished from the teaching profession. GRADUATE. Cambridge.

HARD HIT.

MAY I be allowed to reply to "Hard Hit"? I notice that "Dressmaker" only looks upon her own side of the case. How does she expect the wives of men whose salaries have been knocked down to "half and quarter pay" to be able to have dresses made as before, especially

THE NEW OPTIMISM FOR WARTIME.



"How pleased doctor will be if I get influenza after this!" "Delightful! A rest in bed—away from all the talk about the war." "We read such splendid accounts of the cheerfulness of our men at the front that those at home feel they ought to make the same sort of effort, and not to complain of anything, but to keep smiling all through." (By Mr. W. K. Haselden. Reprinted.)

when I got into the train to come to my office the atmosphere was so rank as to be nauseating. Could not the little ventilator windows be opened at the commencement of the journey? Even if anyone complained of the draught and the windows had to be closed in some cases, the air would be considerably improved by the temporary opening.

By the time we had travelled from Wimbledon to Westminster cheerful people at the start were no longer cheerful and had grown heavy-eyed by the time they reached Charing Cross, and this before they had started their day's work. DAILY WORKER.

January 12.

FRENCH IN ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

FRENCH has been much more practically taught of late years. But even now there is much to be desired in improving methods. I have taught English to hundreds of foreigners in evening schools abroad and privately, and I found that in six months, with two hours a week, pupils had a "working" knowledge of English. Although I speak French and Ger-

man fluently and have some seven years' experience in language teaching, I cannot get a berth in an English school because I have not prepared boys for English examinations. The war has done for my Continental clientèle, and I am thus banished from the teaching profession. GRADUATE. Cambridge.

THE WOOD'S WISDOM.

We gaze upon decay,
We wot of life through death,
How each feeds each we spy;
And is a tangle round,
Are patient; what is dumb,
We question not, nor ask
The silent to give sound,
The distant to draw near,
And this the woodland saith:
I know not hope or fear;
I take what'er may come;
I raise my head to aspects fair,
From foul I turn away. . . .
GEORGE MEREDITH.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Changes Likely To Be Seen If the Struggle Lasts for Years.

THE MILITARY UNDERGRADUATE.

I WAS glad to see your correspondent's letter about the deadness and emptiness of Oxford and Cambridge last term. It will be like that so long as the war lasts.

If it lasts, as some say it will, for three years or more, I suppose most of us will have to go without our education. Or perhaps I had better say that our education will be entirely military. I know that I for one will not be able to afford the time to go back to the

'Varsity after the war, if it lasts so long as people now seem to think.

Hence it is not at present very likely that the fears of your correspondents will be realised. Civilian education is being cut clean out of the lives of many of us, and one generation of undergraduates will have to do without it.

Or perhaps the Oxford and Cambridge men of the future will be middle-aged and go up to be educated after they've done fighting.

ANOTHER UNDERGRADUATE.

THE FUTURE OF "LUXURIES."

WILL prices come down if the war lasts very long? I am not speaking so much of food prices as of prices of luxuries.

What about the curio-hunter and the book-hunter? What about hotel prices—so exorbitant now—and the rest of it?

Food at present is as dear as I have ever known it in London. That was to be expected. But surely there will be nobody to spend money on luxuries soon, and consequently the artificial level at which prices have been kept of late years will have to be brought down.

A. L. M.
Collingham-place, S.W.

THE OLD QUESTION.

"W. M." speaks of the "old question" daily put to Lord Kitchener concerning the end of the war. But I can assure your contributor that it is not only Lord Kitchener who has to answer this question. I get it put to me—and I am nobody—at least a dozen times a day.

Of course, we all want the war to end. We cannot help wanting that. But I do think it rather a bad sign that there should be so much talk about the ending. As the story quoted rightly puts it, we have to think much more of the beginning than of the end. And as far as we are concerned it has hardly begun yet.

After a few months we shall probably get quite used to the war and rather miss it when it ends. We shall not know what to do with ourselves—especially the busy women who are always knitting. K. A.
Cromwell-road, S.W.

LOTS of people did not believe that the war would last so long as it actually has done. This, the best prophets are in such a matter as this.

In any case, it is infinitely better that it should last long and be well over, than that it should quickly end in a patched-up peace, only to begin again in a few years' time. P. T.
Breechin-place, S.W.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 12.—Unless sweet peas were sown in frames during the autumn a start must soon be made to obtain a supply of these most popular annuals. If only a cold frame is available the seed should be sown about the first week in February. Pots or boxes may be used. Let the soil be light and mix it with plenty of sand or leaf-mould.

When sowing is completed, give the pots a good watering and stand them on ashes in a frame. The frame can be kept closed until the little plants appear, when as much light and air as possible must be afforded them.

Sweet peas raised in this manner can be set out in a garden towards the end of April. E. F. T.

LONG LINE OF PRISONERS.



German prisoners, captured by the British, marching to a base under escort. Many of the men are wounded in the face, eloquent testimony to the deadliness of our rifle fire.

PRIEST'S TASK.



German agents spread lies in the Indian villages, but the Lade Sayadaw, the great Buddhist priest, tells the natives the truth.

"THE WATCH ON THE"



While the German Navy lies snugly in the calm waters, guarding our commerce and food supplies. Gales and rough weather wreck the vessel in rough water. The Germans "watch" the sea.

DRIVING TO THE FIRING LINE.



A well-known Scottish regiment off to the firing line on motor-omnibuses. The drivers have frequently shown the greatest resource and ability when placed in difficult circumstances.

WELL-EARNED RELAXATION.



"Tommy" discards the rifle for the rod and spends a brief spell of leave from the trenches in fishing in a river.

"FRIGHTFULNESS" IN POLAND.



Refugees arriving at Warsaw. As in the west, the German soldiers have caused as much wanton damage as possible.

"TOMMY HAS"



Maximilian Harden, the distinguished soldier in the *Zukunft*, says they are. The British Army has been the decisive factor and its efficiency has shattered many a mark that "Tommy" has.

: BY OUR NAVY.



icked harbours, the British ships are at sea
een their portion, and the picture shows a
ut our Navy watches on the sea.

CLEVER HORSE.



French trooper who has trained his horse to
do a variety of tricks. It could easily earn
its master a living at a circus.

BIPLANE'S DIVE TO EARTH.



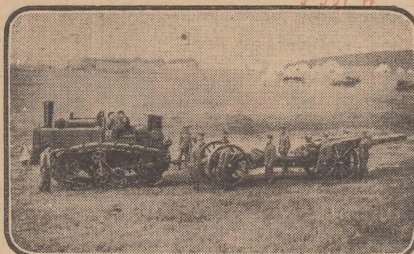
British aeroplane which came to earth suddenly, nose downwards. Union
Jacks are painted on the planes. Fortunately the pilot escaped unhurt,
while the machine was scarcely damaged by the fall.

S ALL."



o, in a tribute to the British
re "artists at shooting."
battles on the west front,
and concludes with the re-
s all."

CANNOT STICK IN THE MUD.



A "caterpillar" traction engine which is used by the
British Army for drawing heavy guns over uneven
ground.

BRICKS FOR MAKING ROADS.



British soldiers requisition a brick kiln to make a road
for their transport wagons and guns across the mud in
Flanders.

BIG BRITISH GUN IN ACTION.



Germany has not the monopoly of big guns. The British Army has many like
this one, which is seen in action in France. The men who serve the gun have
to protect their ears.

You can Play the Piano To-day

By Naunton's National Music System.

IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the Piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

Failure is Impossible.

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with your music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance-Music, Songs, Classics, anything.

OVER 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly. If they can do it, so can you.

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid, and perfect Naunton National Music System, which is a real educator. The word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out."

Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. You will receive five tunes which we guarantee to advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realms of music to you and give you many years of pure pleasure.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it to-day.

READ WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING.

From a Composer: "I think it all very excellent. Any person could understand it."

This from a Pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole system: "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

This from a Pupil who has taken only six lessons: "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

The Originals of the above and many

thousands of similar testimonials can be seen at our London Offices at any time.

From a Proud Mother: "Florrie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you say."

From a Pupil who thinks that one good turn deserves another: "I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them are sending to you for their lessons."

From many Pupils whose testimony can all be rolled into one: "When reading your advertisement I could scarcely believe that any system could achieve what was there stated. But on studying your first lesson I realised that at last a system had been discovered which would help persons who formerly held the idea that to play the piano was utterly beyond them. Naunton's National Music System is splendid. It is the acme of simplicity, and is as perfect as it is simple."

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To The Manager,

NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM,

MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Being a reader of "The Daily Mirror," and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for One Shilling, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," published at 2s., containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play them at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE.—Make Postal Orders payable to Naunton's National Music System, Ltd.

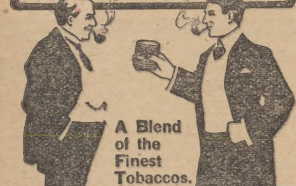
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6d. per ounce, 2/- Quarter Pound Tins.
THOMSON & PORTER, EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also
ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5s. 1d.
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Knitting Wool

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We guarantee quality and can supply the finest Wool, specially prepared for knitting socks, mittens, Hosiery, etc., for Army wear at moderate prices.

Wool for Socks ... For lb. 3/6 in Khaki
" Botchella ... 3/- in Navy
" Scarves ... 4/- in Navy
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" Scarves (better quality) 5/- in Navy
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1915

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AMBASSADORS.—Mads, Delys, Hanako, Sim, Messrs. Playfair, Morton in Harry Gratton's Revue. **ODDS AND ENDS.**, at 9, preceded by Hanako in "OTAKA", at 8.30. Mats., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Regent 2585.

APOLLO. 2.30 and 5.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs. and Sat. CHARLES HAWTREY in A MESSAGE FROM MAIR. DAILY, Leicester-square. YOLYAY, at 2 and 8. Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2 Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, A COUNTRY GIRL. (Special Reduced Prices). **DEURY LANE.** SLEEPING BEAUTY. TWICE DAILY. 1.30 and 7.30. Georges Gratin, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis, Renes Mayer. Box-office open all day. Gorrard 2588.

DUKE OF YORK'S. TO-DAY, at 2 o'clock. CHARLES PROULAN presents FORTY-PA by J. M. Barrie. 11th Year. MATINEES EVERY DAY, at 2, and THURSDAY and SATURDAY. DUNNINGS, at 8.

GARRICK. TWICE NIGHTLY, at 6.20 and 9. Matinee, TO-DAY, and Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Prices, 6d., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 6s., Tel. Ger. 9515.

GLOBE. To-day, 2.30. Evens, 8.15. Mat., Wed. and Sat., 2.30. MISS LAURENCE, in THE FLAME OF LOVE. Transferred from Comedy Theatre.

HAYMARKET. At 2.30 and 8 THE FLAG LIEUTENANT. ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d. HIS MAJESTY'S. CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION. DAVID COPPERFIELD. To-day, at 2 and 8. Matinee, Weds. and Sat., at 2. HERBERT TREE. THE D'NASTY, by Thomas Hardy. Abridged and produced by Granville Barker.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE. Kingsway, W.C. GRAND PANTOMIME. ALADDIN. Twice daily, 1.30 and 7.0. War Prices. "The D'Nast" says: "Most Brilliant."

LYRICAL THEATRE. THE EARL AND THE GIRL. TODAY, 2.30 and 8. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. PALLADIUM. PANTOMIME. DAILY, 2.15. DICK WHITTINGTON. Matinee only. Classic Maynard, Harry Watford and Co. 1.50. BLIGHTEST and FUNNIEST. Popular Prices. PLAYHOUSE. EVERY DAY at 2 and 8. LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY. Popular Price. Tel. City 612. Ger. 5970.

ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. SCALA. KINEMACOLOR, TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE. ANIMATED WAR MAP. Episodes of the "GREAT WAR" SHAFESBURY. F. H. BENSON and Co. in HENRY.

TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat., at 2. Extra Matinee, Tuesday next, Jan. 19, at 2.30. STRAND THEATRE. THE THREE WILFOL. To-day, at 2.30. Tonight, at 8. JULIA NICHOLSON. FRED FERRY. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. At 2.30 and 8.45. OUR BOYS. Preceded at 2.30 and 8.15 by "A Man of Ideas." MATINEES, WEDS., THURS. and SATS., at 5.

ALHAMBRA. THE ALHAMBRA REVUE (including Robert Hale's baroque pantomime). Varieties 8.15 and 8.30. Mats., Weds. and Sat., 2.30. HIPPODROME. DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. New Revue, BUSINESS AS USUAL. VIOLET LOREANE, UNITY MORE, CHRISTIE SILVER, HARRY HARRIS, MORRIS HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN POSTER.

PALACE. Christmas version of THE PASSING SHOW, with Brandy White, Basil Haines, Nelson Ager, Gwendoline Brogden, Madge Minty, Lewis Sydney, new scenes, new songs, tableaux. "Le Hero" Albert White. Pictures, 10.50. Passing Show, 8.30. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

PALLADIUM. 6-10 and 9. LITTLE TICH, HETTY KING, JACK and EVELYN, BILLY WILLIAMS, MAIDIE COHAN, CORAN, ERNEST HASTINGS, NEW REVUE, MARKELVINE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES. St. George's Hall, Oxford Circus. W. NEWMAN'S CHRISTMAS CAROL. DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Seats, 1s. to 5s. PHILHARMONIC HALL.—R. G. KNOWLES will Lecture Twice Daily, at 2 and 8. IMPERIAL INDIA in Kinema color, compiled by Charles Urban. Prices, 1s. to 5s. Mayfair, 6830 and 5003.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

THE POISON WORKS.

HILLIER'S arm fell away from her.

"Nothing more!" he asked.

"Nothing more."

As she spoke the girl shook her head slowly, her wide eyes were fixed on some far-away horizon of her thoughts. Now that she had spoken, she felt curiously numb. It was the end. Nothing that could happen to her would matter any more.

Upstairs, for one or two exalted moments, it had seemed to her that Jack had meant that if she spoke there might be a possibility of forgiveness.

Now, she knew how foolish that thought had been. That madness that is as old as the hills—the eternal belief in the possibility of a new beginning.

She knew better—the door of the future led but to one inevitable point—those cross roads in life where the paths divide like a spectre to confront the men and women who have cheated themselves into believing that they have forgotten.

Hillier watched her face. It was worn and tired, the face of a woman who nursed a secret. It was a strange thing, but the sight of that wan, strained face helped him to steel his heart against her. He was sorry for her. He loved her—he was quite prepared to acknowledge that to himself now—but he must not allow love or pity to blind his judgment.

He had dismissed Henderson and his confederate—finally, as he believed by a supreme exhibition of bluff. There had been no witness in the adjoining room. He was amazed that a clever woman like Mrs. Cunliffe had been taken in by such a blatant bit of spoof. Henderson was a different matter. Henderson's heart was not in the affair. He had acted on a malicious impulse. The man's whole being was unbalanced.

As for the poison they had dropped . . . Hillier did not for a moment believe in the heart that Sylvia had been implicated in the death of her sister. His thoughts had played round the subject often enough; Henderson's suggestion had by no means come as a surprise, but . . . he must hear the truth, the whole truth from her own lips. There must be no holding back now; no secret to raise its ugly head and threaten their new happiness.

For upon Hillier also had descended the madness of the "new beginning." Life was, he told himself, but an endless beginning. And they two, all doubts and mysteries cleared away, would begin all over again from the very beginning.

And yet, in spite of himself, in spite of all these thoughts, that poison dropped from the tongue of the man and the woman who had just left him, was working all unknown to himself . . . rising like an invisible barrier between them, forbidding perfect sympathy, perfect harmony.

"If only she would be frank . . . if only she would tell him everything, without reserve. . . . Sylvia. Afterwards, in India," he began. "Come, let us sit down very quietly and talk the whole matter over. Of course, you must know that I had guessed so much of the truth long ago—down in the country—shortly after Lane went away. He said something—no, nothing definite, but something that set my suspicions at work."

She turned her face towards him. All the sunlight in the room seemed concentrated upon her figure as she sat there, huddled back into the corner of the big Chesterfield couch. It turned her hair to a glory about her face.

"Wouldn't it have been—less cruel—to have spoken to me at once?" she asked. "Perhaps." Hillier's voice was a little hard. "But I was not thinking of your feelings in the matter. I was thinking of my own. Of how you had fooled me—fooled me to the very top of my bent. You see, I knew nothing of Valerie. I knew nothing. I was just a blind fool standing in the dark."

"Jack!" At the bitterness in his voice she put out her hand towards him with a little burning of pity, withdrawing it again, remembering how, by her own confession, she had forfeited the right even to such an act of protective tenderness.

But Hillier saw the movement and the withdrawal, and loved her for it.

"My dear"—in spite of himself something of tenderness escaped into his voice—"you acted for the best, your strange woman's idea of the best. And I'm grateful to you for all that meant to you. . . . Only there are things that hurt. Let us be quite honest with ourselves—we've got to patch up things—"

"Oh, don't, don't!" The words broke from her uncontrollably. "Tell me what you are going to do—what you want me to do—but don't talk round about it! I'm sorry, Jack, but I can't bear it! I may have deserved it, truly, but I have suffered in these weeks. . . . I feel I can bear no more!"

It seemed to him that she was evading his question. Twice he had mentioned India. Surely, surely, he must understand that he required to know more definitely about Valerie and the part she had played there.

"I am sorry," he said quietly. "It has not been a very pleasant matter for either of us. But there are some things I must ask you. When Valerie came out to India—why did she come? And—how did she die?"

Her face was very white, so white that it was

hard to believe that its pallor could be intensified. But the man watching her saw it suddenly drained of all colour, even to the lips, like the face of a woman newly dead.

Why was he torturing her? Why didn't he let her go now that it was all over? The girl asked herself. A feeling of anger stirred in her heart—against that man who held her bound on the rack—against the dead woman who had been responsible for it all.

"So far she had striven to speak as gently of Valerie as she could. Now she felt the desire to shield her memory die away."

"Valerie came out to India when she heard that you were going to be a rich man," she said very coldly. "I suppose she cared more for you than she did for Sir George Clair—certainly you were richer. I don't know, she never told me why she left him. She told me, more than once, that she had never married him. But Sir George himself repeatedly affirmed that she was his wife."

She had touched, very briefly, on that interview with Clair, which Lane had interrupted, in her confession of the truth.

Hillier set his teeth. He had all but forgotten that this man, too, was of the circle that knew his secret, who had laughed at him for a blind fool.

This morning, when he had pinned Henderson down on the couch, the man had mouthed threatenings which he had failed to understand, references to a ring that had been found on a chain Valerie had been wearing. Henderson had said as much as suggested that there had been a secret marriage in England . . . that Valerie, and not Sylvia, was his wife.

He had all seemed like a disconnected muttering of a madman, the splutterings of disappointed spleen. They took on new meaning in the light of Sylvia's story.

"I think," he heard Sylvia say, "that Sir George spoke the truth. At least there was a form of marriage gone through—otherwise the stories we both have heard could never have been circulated. Valerie ran away from him for some reason that, perhaps, we shall never know."

Her voice was absolutely toneless. She felt sick and chill at heart, like a woman who has put out her arms to give a last embrace to a lover and finds that her arms encircle a man already dead.

She had come to Jack with her heart in her hands. Ready, for love of him, for this last supreme sacrifice of confession, which she believed would shatter all hope of future happiness for herself, but might set him free.

And the result? They sat there talking, not of themselves, but of the dead woman, weighing the probabilities of her marriage.

Vaguely she was aware that she was disappointed in this man whom she loved, for whom she had sacrificed so much.

Hillier rose abruptly and stood looking down at her behind the bandages that concealed so much of his face. He had disobeyed the doctor in moving them, in using his eyes. Perhaps he would lose some strength from his sight; yet he felt that, even at the price of retaining his blindness, what he had seen in these last twenty-four hours was worth the loss of sight itself.

How small and slight she seemed, huddled there among the cushions, with her hair like a flame about her little head. He felt to it as cruel as she thought him. Yet he must know.

"Sylvia"—his voice sounded brusque in her ears—"there is one thing you have not mentioned. The night of your sister's death. I want you to tell me quite plainly, quite honestly, all that happened between you. How did Valerie die?"

She looked up at him with startled eyes. "Why do you ask me that? I thought you had told me all there was to know!" she said. A curious look had come into her face—a look he could not understand.

"I told you all I knew," he answered her. "But have you told me all that you know?"

He bent towards her as he spoke. Not a woman in the world but could have read his meaning. Not a woman in the world but might have shrunk back before its cold inquisition, as Sylvia shrank back now.

DEAD LOVE.

"YES. In India—when you came to me on that first day you were allowed to see me after my illness—I told you everything that I remembered," the girl said, very slowly.

"But there was something that you could not remember," he persisted, "something that eluded you. Has it ever come back to you, Sylvia?"

Even as he put the question he knew the answer—had read it in the clear light of her troubled eyes.

"Never. Why do you ask me? Why?" Just a suggestion of wildness in her tone that amazed him—it was so unusual.

"Because," it came to him that he owed it to her to tell her the truth. "Henderson came to me to-day to suggest that I killed my sister. His death was not due to an accident," he said, quietly.

"So you instantly jump to the suggestion that I knew more than I pretended. Perhaps, for all I know, you even believe that I killed my sister," the girl said, in a strange voice.

"I only ask you to deny that you know anything more than you have already told me. I ask you to give me your word, that is all," Hillier said.

"I have already given my word," Sylvia told him. "I know nothing of Valerie's death—nothing beyond what you told me—that she was found lying in the courtyard of the palace. At the time that seemed to me very strange. She must have left me and gone back. . . . We had quarrelled, so we were going back together, then something frightened me. . . . and I ran and ran. I thought she was following."

"Did not tell me this before." Hillier's voice had a stern note. Have you only remembered it—now? Or have you recovered so much of your memory some time since?"

"I have only remembered it now."

Her eyes were looking out beyond him at that far-off horizon of thought, straining back into the past to that moon-white road intersected by dense tracts of shadow, to the face of a woman, distorted by jealous passion, who threatened.

"Perhaps if you try very hard you may remember more. Did you raise your hand—did you threaten her—did she stumble and fall?"

"What do you mean?" Sylvia's voice rang out with a sharp question. "Are you asking me if I murdered my sister? Do you realise that that is what your questioning really implies?"

She stood up, facing him, almost as though for the moment she forgot that he was a blind man. A touch of angry colour had stained her white cheeks, only there was no anger in the wide eyes, nothing but a great shame.

And as for a moment he stood silent she continued:

"But I refuse to be questioned. Find out the truth. Let your friend Mr. Henderson have legal machinery set at work. I am not afraid. Nothing in all the world could hurt me now—nothing. You have killed me—do you understand? Now, as I stand before you, I am a dead woman. My heart is dead—my heart that beat only for you—that has never known a thought in all these months that was not for your happiness."

"Oh, but you mustn't take that tone!" Hillier's masculine vanity was on fire. This woman, whom he was preparing to forgive and receive back to the safe shelter of his arms. . . . it was altogether unheard of that she should speak to him in this way, as though she were wronged.

"And now—I set you free. I have given up everything for you—myself, honour, truth—and

they are all as nothing in your sight—nothing. But dead love has no chains, and I set you free now."

To look at her white face and fearless eyes was to look down into the heart he had bruised and trampled underfoot. Hillier was conscious of a swift touch of shame; yet, even as he hesitated, he saw her fling out her hands with a little bitter cry and go blindly towards the door.

"Sylvia—come back!" Sylvia . . . Command, not entreaty, in John Hillier's voice. Pride held him rooted there, held him still standing immovable, even as the sound of the closing door came to his ears with a curious note of finality in its dull thud.

She must be taught a lesson. She had taken altogether the wrong attitude . . . he told

ESCAPED FROM GERMANY.



Major C. B. Vandeleur, of the Scottish Rifles, who has escaped from a prisoners' camp in Germany. He has related his experiences to the King.—(Lafayette.)

himself these things once and again, as he moved restlessly about the room, but above them his heart shouted derisively.

"You fool . . . you fool! Go after the woman you love and take her in your arms. Who are you to stand in judgment upon another human soul? She has loved much, and to those who love much, much shall be forgiven."

Presently he moved towards the door, walked swiftly down the corridor and knocked at his wife's door.

There was no reply. He knocked again, and after a pause entered the room.

It was empty.

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

FREE for YOUR BABY

A Box of Robb's Celebrated Nursery Biscuits and Biscuit Powder.

Does your baby's food entirely agree with him? If not, send to-day for this sample box. We give it free because we want you to see how well Baby will thrive on "Robb's Foods"—they are nourishing and sustaining!

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For babies up to four months, where a substitute for the natural milk is required, Robb's Soluble Milk Food No. 1 is recommended. For children up to six months the No. 2 Food is most suited. (A sample tin will be forwarded upon receipt of 3d. to cover postage, etc.). Please state age of baby.

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Do your eyes easily get tired, ache or feel sore? Do they look red, weak or watery? Are you troubled with styes, ulcers, inflammation, or are your eyes weak as a result of measles, scarlatina or influenza? If so, send at once for my family hand-book, "How to Preserve Your Eyesight," which tells you all about Singleton's Eye Ointment, the famous old English remedy which for 314 years has been curing all such troubles. Write to Chemists, in ancient pedestal pots, 2/- but it must be SINGLETON'S. To obtain book free, mention "Daily Mirror" and send to Stephen Green, 210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

No Boat Race This Year.

I wrote some weeks ago that, owing to the war, there seemed little chance of there being an Oxford and Cambridge boat race this year, and now I see the fact has been officially made public. For the first time for fifty-nine years we are to be deprived of the classic contest. The news was announced by Mr. E. D. Horsfall, the president of the Oxford University Boat Club.

A National Institution.

Boat race day has become such a national institution that it is hard to realise that there was a time when thousands did not yet themselves hoarse on the river banks. Yet it was only in 1866 that the race became an annual event.

Rowed in Black Straw Hats.

Races were rowed between the two universities earlier than that, but the fixtures were not regular ones, nor did the now famous "Blue" enter into the contest. At the first race in 1829 Oxford adopted a modified form of the colours of Christ Church, then head of the river, as their distinctive "uniform," and turned out in black straw hats with a broad blue ribbon and blue and white striped jerseys! Cambridge also adopted the badge of their best boating college, choosing pink, the colour of Lady Margaret, and in 1829 rowed in pink ties and pink waistbands!

Origin of the Light Blue.

It was not until the second boat race in 1836 that Cambridge first wore light blue, and then only by the merest accident. As they were pushing off to the starting-post someone remarked that the boat had no colour in her bow. Thereupon a certain mighty rowing man dashed into a neighbouring haberdasher's shop and purchased some "Eton blue" ribbon, which the crew adopted with enthusiasm, and wore ever afterwards.

Popular Against His Will.

A man who knows General Gallieni, "the saviour of Paris," described him to me the other day as giving the outward impression of an English officer. Straight, almost stiff, and distant in manner, he speaks little, choosing the word that is exact and clear. He has a high forehead and a long, finely-formed head, with bluish-green eyes that pierce like steel. Simple in manner and distinguished in bearing, he has the stamp of a "grand chef," and the greatest proof of his powerful personality is that, having done all in his power to avoid becoming a popular figure with Parisians, his acts have won him the highest place in their admiration and affection.



General Gallieni.

A Veteran.

General Gallieni is a veteran not only of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, but of many French colonial campaigns. The well-

trained French native troops that co-operated with our own regiments in Togoland were the result of his work. He is the man who conquered Madagascar, and did more—gave it a lasting organisation.

We Shall Hear of Him Again.

When Paris was threatened in August he performed miracles in putting the defences into the finest state of efficiency. Now he is in command of a new army, of which I do not doubt we shall hear much in the course of a few months. Gallieni is one of the finest strategists the French have.

What Will He Do?

I fell in with some keen parliamentary friends at lunch yesterday, and they seemed principally interested, not in the war, but whether Mr. J. H. Whitley, the Deputy-Speaker, would become the new Chief Government Whip or whether he would decline the honour in view of another, the Speakership, which will in all probability come to him in time.

A Desirable Office.

The Speakership of the House of Commons is a very desirable office. It carries with it a salary of £5,000 a year, free from all deductions and taxes, an official residence in Westminster Palace, a sum of £1,000 as equipment money immediately on election, and £100 a year for stationery, with a peerage at the end of the term of service, and a pension of £4,000 per annum.

Not a House to Let.

"Stationed on the hills, at Woldingham, Surrey, 300ft. above sea level in comfortable." The last word is but, and but for that you might think the quotation was from a house agent's circular. It isn't, it is just one of the attractions offered by the 16th Middlesex to prospective recruits.

What We May Expect.

If this sort of thing goes on we may expect to find something like this on the recruiting posters soon:—

TO LET.—Highly desirable hutment in healthy position on Sussex coast; sea, 2 mins.; cooking excellent; young society; outdoor amusements, shooting, etc.—Apply —

FOR THE SUMMER.—A vacancy occurs in a party touring FLANDERS and THE RHINE for a young active man; share catering; free travelling to suitable applicant; excellent sport anticipated.—Address, Adjutant, etc.

SUMMER CAMP.—Interesting part of EUROPE.—Advertiser would like to hear of young men fond of outdoor life; swimming, shooting, motorizing; medical officer in attendance; rifles provided.

H.M.A.S. Una.

Looking through the new Navy list I found the name of a newcomer, the Una, among the names of the Australian ships. The Una is, I think, the first German prize to be included in our Navies. She was the German gunboat Komet captured by the Australian Fleet some time ago. She has been refitted, renamed, and commissioned, and I hope she will do grand service under her new flag.

A New Serial Coming.

On Monday next you will have the opportunity of reading in *The Daily Mirror* a new serial by Mr. Alexander Crawford. Mr. Crawford is not entirely unknown to my readers, for he was the author of that fascinating story, "The Husband She Bought," which was published in this paper about eight months ago.

"Just Like Other Men."

His new story is called "Just Like Other Men," and my own personal opinion is that you will find it more interesting than his last serial. Mr. Crawford has a positive genius for plots. The weaving and evolving of them are both his profession and his hobby. Where other folk turn to chess and puzzles for recreation, Mr. Crawford amuses and interests himself in the making of ingenious plots.

A Girl's Sincerity.

"Just Like Other Men" is crammed full of interest. I have been permitted to delve pretty deeply into it, and I do not remember another story which has so many points of interest. It is in reality the story of a girl's sincerity, and by the time you have read the first instalment you know that you are going to settle down to a wonderful and satisfying story.

The Changed "Flapper."

I wonder whether my experience is peculiar; but it seems to me that one of the most changed persons since the war began is the "flapper." No longer is her talk of games and garments; nowadays she is a veritable military encyclopedia, and chats cheerily of Taubes, high-angle guns and contraband copper. She is athirst for war news, and her former interest in matters sartorial finds an outlet in an insatiable desire to know every British uniform by sight. I was showing the sights of London town to a "flapper" relative the other day, and we never met a soldier but I was required offhand to nominate his regiment. As a military guide I was not a success.

Nothing Good Enough for "Fraulein."

A German officer, so my Paris gossip writes, entered an antiquarian's shop in Lille and explained that he desired something for his fiancée, for whom nothing was too beautiful or too dear. After half an hour's examination of various objects, he handed them all back with the remark that none of them was good enough for the favoured "fraulein." The Frenchwoman behind the counter replied with an arch smile: "You will perhaps find something to suit you in Paris!"

Another "Frightful" Failure.

Have you noticed the number of people who are leaving houses just outside London to move into flats in town? Many of my friends have done this in the last month or so. I asked one of his reasons. "Firstly," he said, "economy. Secondly, I can get all the latest war news directly it is published—I'm lost nowadays if I can't get a paper after 6 p.m. Lastly, we've always had a sneaking longing to live in town, and this is a jolly good excuse." "But aren't you afraid of air raids?" I asked. "You were much safer down in Hertfordshire." He looked at me pityingly. "Air raids be blowed!" he retorted. German "frightfulness," has once again failed.

An Important Baby.

A friend whose hobby it is to dabble in heraldry and the pageantry of the past was telling me yesterday of the high estate to which little Lord Ingestre, who was baptised on Saturday, the day after his father died, will one day succeed. As heir to the Earldom of Shrewsbury and Talbot he will be one day, among other things, Premier Earl of both England and Ireland, and as such play an important part in big State functions.



Lady Ingestre.

Ingestre. Her sister is the present Lady Pembroke.

Baby Bridesmaids.

I well remember Lady Ingestre's wedding in 1904. Though it took place in the winter, it was one of the prettiest and most brilliant I have ever seen. The ushers were Eton boys, and the bride was attended by a bevy of baby bridesmaids. Lady Ingestre's sister was married about the same time, and the two weddings were among the most brilliant functions of the year.

945 Footballs Now.

We are going to make a record with that tenth hundred footballs. Forty-five new ones arrived yesterday. The total is 945, and only fifty-five more are wanted before we can claim the thousand. We must make an effort to complete it this week.

As They Say in France.

The applications still roll in as fast as the footballs. "Can you possibly spare us a 'footer'—si vous plaiz," as they say here?" writes a linguistic Army Service Corps man with the Indian Cavalry Division. Fortunately, we can. We can spare one for all the boys if you keep on with your generous gifts on "Tommy's" behalf.

A Serious Jester.

Mention of Mr. Mozart's contribution to our Football Fund yesterday reminds me of how serious some of our comedians are in private life. Mozart is himself an earnest theologian. A convert to the Catholic faith, almost all his interests outside the stage are centred in religion.

Comedians' Hobbies.

Then there is the one and only Albert Chevalier. Have you seen his library of Elizabethan literature? It's a wonder. Collecting rare editions is one of his hobbies. Mr. George Robey, who has also helped to supply our army with footballs, an authority on old armour. Mr. Sam Mayo's special hobby is music. If he had not been a comedian Mr. Mayo might have been a great musician.

"Dr. Johnson" at the Coliseum.

I may have been mistaken, but it seemed to me, when I looked in at the Coliseum on Monday afternoon, that Mr. Bouchier's revival of "Dr. Johnson" is very much up-to-date. When the learned doctor was commenting on the conduct of the soldier cousin of Mrs. Boswell he remarked in the well-known Johnsonian manner, "The man's a Hun." The little piece had a splendid reception.

The Twenty-eighth V.C.

Five months of war have already produced twenty-eighth soldier V.C.s and one naval V.C.—the B.I.I's commander. At this rate all previous campaigns should soon be eclipsed in awards for valour. The Indian Mutiny yielded the greatest number of V.C.s—182. Next comes the Crimean War with 111. The South African War takes third place with seventy-eight. In the Zulu War twenty-three were won, and in the Afghan War sixteen.

Bandsman's Valour.

Bandsman Thomas E. Rendle, 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, is, so far as I am aware, only the sixth man of that regiment to gain the coveted cross. Lieutenant C. L. Smith, of the D.C.L.I., received the V.C. for his bravery in Somaliland in 1904, and Rendle, I believe, is his immediate successor on the regiment's roll of honour.

THE RAMBLER.

Iron 'Jelloids'

for

Strength and Endurance



Give a box of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A (containing quinine) to your soldier friend—whether he is in training or at the front, 'JELLOIDS' are a gift he will always appreciate.

For renewing vitality and strength there is no surer method than to take IRON 'JELLOIDS' whenever a feeling of tiredness or lassitude prevails, and this is why IRON 'JELLOIDS' should be in the knapsack of every soldier. IRON 'JELLOIDS' are the most convenient tonic, and can easily be taken under all conditions—the small flat case takes up very little room—the weight is practically nil.

Mr. John R. Pennington, Chemist, Workop, writes:—"I always handle Iron 'Jelloids' with pleasure, as my customers are invariably satisfied with the results they obtain from them. It will doubtless be agreeable to you to know that Iron 'Jelloids' give such satisfaction."

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Special Tonic for Men 'Jelloids' No. 2A (containing Quinine) for Women 'Jelloids' No. 2 for Children 'Jelloids' No. 1. Of all Chemists, price 1/4 and 2/6 a box, or direct from The 'Jelloid' Co. (Dep. 72 S.E.), 205, City Rd., London.

Be sure you take Iron Jelloids 3 times a day

SHE DARKENED HER GREY HAIR.

A Well-known Lady Darkened Her Grey Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process.

SHE TELLS HOW SHE DID IT.

A well-known society lady who darkened her grey hair by a simple home process made the following statement:—"Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half a pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 1oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemists at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the grey hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture relieves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a grey-haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."—(Advt.)

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Wednesday, January 13, 1915.

The Daily Mirror

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FIGHT AGAINST FLOODS: RIVER BURSTS ITS BANKS IN NORFOLK.



The breach in the river bank where the lighters have been sunk. The floods have driven nearly sixty families from their cottages.



Building a wall with bags of gault.



The floods cover an area of nine miles by seven.

Damage estimated at £200,000 has been caused by the floods in the fenlands of South-West Norfolk which followed the bursting of the banks of the Little Ouse at Hockwold. The swollen river has been rushing through a breach fifty yards wide since last Sunday

week, despite all efforts to stay it. A number of lighters filled with clay have been sunk at the spot, and behind this a wall composed of bags of gault is being slowly raised.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)